

## EXECUTIVE PATRONAGE.

There can be no question that one of the greatest dangers to our Government, as at present constituted, is the extent of Executive patronage. About twenty thousand employees are appointed and directly controlled by the President. A well disciplined corps of officials scattered through every State, can do much to influence the elections of the people. The past history of our country abundantly proves that this influence is carefully directed, and effectively used. A standing army of the same number of soldiers would do less injury to the liberties of the country, it could not have the same weight in elections, nor nourish so much corruption and bribery. These officials usually get into place by compromising their independence and uprightness of character, and consequently they are well fitted for the lowest and most debasing work. There is no necessity in all these places being under the control of the Executive. Postmasters, which constitute the largest class of these officials, are stationary, and could easily be elected by the people. If the President had not an office to dispose of, the quadrennial contests we now witness would cease to be mere scrambles for place, and the domestic affairs of every State would be carried on without the influence of the General Government.—*Erskine Miscellany.*

## THE TABLES TURNED.

Twelve months ago those in the South who opposed the Compromise were pronounced disunionists and traitors of the worst stripe. We well remember how the advocates of the "Peace Measures" made themselves merry over the congeniality of feeling and purpose between the Abolitionists and the opposers of the Compromise in the South. Rhett and Seward, the Liberator and the Charleston Mercury, Vermont and South Carolina were placed in the same category, and the strange union of such opposing elements, pointed many a newspaper paragraph, and furnished capital for many a demagogue. But "the ever-changing course of things run a perpetual circle, ever turning."—Now the loudest praters about the Union, this dearbought Union, this consecrated-by-the-blood-of-our-forefathers Union, are who? Why, the Abolitionists, the only ones who have ever done any thing to endanger the Union. How funny to see the Compromisers and Abolitionists pulling in the same direction, all hurrahing for this blessed Union, Seward and Webster, John Van Buren and Foote, Sumner and Cobb, the New Orleans Picayune and Albany Evening Journal, Journal of Commerce and Independent, Baltimore Sun and New York Tribune, all planting themselves in one solid Phalanx around the Union, they see that it is the masked battery from whence the deadliest thrusts are made at all we should value as citizens—that there is a difference between the Union and Constitution—the one the shadow and the other the substance. The cry of Union either in the South or North is a clap-net of the politicians to deceive and impose on the people.—*Erskine Miscellany.*

## ELECTIONEERING.

There are various modes of doing this, as we have been told by those who are adepts in the art. There is only one phase of it however, of which we mean to speak, and that is the surprising transformations which sometimes take place in those who become candidates.—Take for instance an individual rather remarkable than otherwise for exclusiveness; who recognises classes, between which he sees distinctions, and who has a horror of that sort of democracy which has any tendency to bring extremes in contact; anon he becomes a candidate, and the butterfly, or the cotton moth does not exhibit a more astounding metamorphosis. His eyes are opened at once, and so are the genial currents of his frozen soul. In those whom he formerly talked of, with so much aversion as the "lower classes," he sees unwelcome virtues, and qualities the most amiable.

He finds new friends on every side, new comrades in every house, and especially in some houses and he loves every body with an unbounded and astonishing universality of affection. The period of his candidacy is like the springtime of the rose bush, the leaves and buds of his affections expand in every direction; and alas, too, sometimes like it he wastes his sweetness on the desert air. It often happens that those whom he considers, will think themselves honored by his association, are gifted with shrewd understanding, and are fully up to the nature of "blarney." They often suffer him to run his full career, and "fool him to the top of his bent."

There is another philosophical curiosity, noticeable in this species of candidate. It invariably happens that when time and the law, have finished the period of his probation, he recedes into the original caterpillar state from which he emerged, and shrouds himself in the same web of selfishness. Although formerly, he was as particularly "gracious" with every body, as Tom O'Shanter and the landlady, "with many favors sweet and precious," yet now he shrinks from contact with his late comrade, with as much appearance of loathing as a Gascon count from a *sans culotte*.

When one of those presents his case, it shames him now to own, He stares upon the strange man's face As one he ne'er had known.

[Canton (Mass.) Madisonian.]

More of it.—The Charleston Mercury contains the proceedings of half a dozen celebrations on the Fourth of July, which took place at as many different points in the interior of the State. They are all characterized with the same disunion spirit which was manifested in the city of Charleston on the same day, abounding in sentiments opposed to the Constitution and the Union—breathing idle threats of blood and vengeance.—*Balt. Sun.*

Mrs. Partington on the "Best Citizens."—Well, well! they say the best citizens are all leaving South Carolina. I always heard that it was a dreadful sickly place, fever'n ager, yellow fever, and all other kills that flesh has heard of. I wonder Major Perry doesn't go too, poor man! but may be he is not one of the very best.—*Fairfield Herald.*

Clerical Politicians.—A writer in the Boston Transcript, after commenting upon some of Theodore Parker's vehement political tirades from the pulpit, concludes with the following paragraph upon the subject of political preaching:

"What clergyman ever solemnized, and purified, and elevated the thoughts of his hearers by preaching about politics? Men may listen submissively to the most powerful denunciation of their sins; but no man will admit his political opinions to fall within this category. A parish in which all are of one political mind is very rarely to be found. How much nearer to Paradise does a political preacher advance his congregation by these unconsecrated efforts? Let him take a summary view of his parishioners at the close—what does he behold? Which seems to have gotten the mastery, the spirit or the flesh? Upon the countenances of some he beholds the marks of carnal exultation and triumph; upon the countenances of others the manifestations of hatred and revenge, malice and all uncharitableness; and then he spreads his arms, and rolls up his eyes, and supplicates the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may fill the hearts of his people, a portion of whom are ready for three cheers, while the remainder are ready to fight."

The Fourth of July in London.—For the first time since the Declaration of American Independence, the anniversary of that event was celebrated on the 4th inst., in London, with almost as much honor as in New-York. Mr. George Peabody, of Baltimore, had issued cards of invitation to meet the United States Minister and Mrs. Lawrence at a fete which he gave that evening on the occasion, and about 700 or 800 persons were to be present, including all the American families now in London, and a large proportion of the nobility and public persons in England, by whom the idea had been received with the greatest satisfaction. The Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Mayor, &c.; are among those who attended. There was to be a concert, ball and supper, and the affair promised to be one of the grandest of the season, worthy not only of what it celebrates, but of the meeting of the nations in the year of the Exhibition.—*Balt. Sun.*

Graniteville Cigars.—We are indebted to Mr. B. Palizer Tyler, of Graniteville, for a bunch of finely flavored cigars of his own manufacture. They are made with unusual skill, and need but age to make them worthy of the approbation of smokers generally. "Get along dar Mr. Palmer Tyler."

[South Carolina Paper.]

Graniteville! What a name for cigars! If they ain't hard ones, may we never smoke again. Speaking of Graniteville, it is the most extraordinary town in the whole Southern States. Eight years ago, we believe, there was not a "house in it, and nothing but trees, rocks, moccasins, (with now and then a good sized rattlesnake,) and a small sized brook.

When we visited the place in 1849, and immortalized it in the New York Herald, it had become a second Lowell, and it now appears that it is coming the Havana over us. Well, there is one good thing about it, if South Carolina does secede, she can do her own smoking.

We have a story—a Union story—which will follow "Louisa Lagdon," and the best part of it is laid in South Carolina, and our artist wants a drawing of Graniteville. We wish Mr. Tyler, or somebody else in that locality connected with the factory, would send us one, no matter how rough it is, provided it be correct.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Compromise.—The *Erskine Miscellany* thus discourses of that great panacea for Southern wrongs, the Compromise:

"It shall soon be gathering some of the fruits of the 'Peace Measures,' that peace and prosperity and cessation of agitation, which we were to have in such abundance, comes at rather a slow pace. They have had time, at least, to blossom and form; but we have not yet even the fair promise of fruit. Yes we have had the framework of any European Government. The free soil excitement in the North, and the Disunionism of the South, are the natural products of the Compromise. But for such a 'settlement' Secession never would have been thought of in South Carolina, and it is only the apparent hopelessness of what she is fairly and justly entitled to, that has placed her in the attitude she now occupies.

"I wish," said a Virginian to his brother, resident in Ohio, "to emancipate one hundred slaves, and I desire you to take them to Ohio." "I cannot do it," replied the brother. "The citizens of Ohio will not allow me to bring one hundred slaves among them to settle. But do you take them to Wheeling, and there place them on a steamboat for Cincinnati, and speak of taking them to New Orleans; and while you are looking out for another boat, give the chance, and the Abolitionists will steal the whole of them and run them off, and then celebrate a perfect triumph over them. But if you take them to the same men, and ask them to receive and take care of them, they will tell you to take care of them yourself."

Commodore Stockton on Slavery.—Commodore Stockton delivered a speech at Elizabethtown, N. J., on the instant, when he said, in allusion to new territory:

"That the citizens of the South had a perfect right to carry their slave property upon all such acquisitions, and that any attempt of the general government to invade that right was an aggression upon the guarantees of the Constitution."

The manufacture of axes, hatchets, and other edge tools has been commenced at the extensive rolling mill of Messrs. R. Archer & Co., at Richmond, Va. The Whig states that the work turned out is equal in quality to any in the country.

A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always presents a mutual adjustment.

## AN EDITOR'S SERMON.

Blessed is the man to whom nobody ever says—"Copy!"

"Unsuperstitious, uninitiated, unbedeviled reader, do you see that dissyllabic unepitaphous ghostly sounding word, copy!" Look at it as you may it is divested of all its terrible significance—its seismic power, whereby reminiscences of aching heads, long columns and short paragraphs are conjured up in formidable array, like the vision to restless Richard in his sleep. Do you feel no sort of a wheel within a wheel sensation in your brain as you see it? Then you are no object of sympathy, as editors are. Do you hear no confused clicking of type, see no row of compositors, all anxious—oh, how anxious, to be industrious, particularly when you haven't a line to bless yourself with—each with an empty stick in hand, awaiting—"Copy?" Then, indeed, you are a favored mortal, and should do much out of gratitude for your fellow creatures."

The above discourse was preached by Taylor, the editor of the *Chicago Journal*, and verily it goeth to our heart like a sword of truth. If every editor could relate his experience on the subject of the above text, we believe the hearts of their readers would be softened. One great, universal blubber of sympathy would go up from the face of the land, like the voice of many waters—the moaning voice of old ocean be drawn by the profound and sympathetic sighs which would burst forth from a sorrowful people and every individual in this great nation of readers be blown up like a bladder: with grief.—*Yankee Blade.*

## TRIAL FOR SLEEPING IN MEETING.

Justice Wilson.—What do you know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting?

Witness.—I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

J.—Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

W. (scratching his head).—Well the long and the short of it is, John Wadleigh's a hard working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing, and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy leaves. So, it stands to reason that Wadleigh would naturally be a very sleepy sort of a person. Well, the weather is sometimes naturally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sermon is sometimes rather heavy like—

J.—Stop, stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that's not what you were called for.

W.—I don't cast no reflections on parson Moody. I was only telling what I knew about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting; and its my opinion, especially in warm weather, that surmises that are heavy-like, and two hours long, naturally have a tendency—

J.—Stop, stop! I say. If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you for contempt of court.

W.—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody; I was only telling what I knew about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting.

J.—Well, go on; and tell us all about that. You were n't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

W.—That's what I'm trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And if my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerable apt to sleep in meeting; specially when the sermon—I mean specially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sermon myself; but if I once get by these, I generally get into a kind of waking train, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Wadleigh. I've generally noticed if he begins to gape at seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has got to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door-nail, till the amen brings the people up to prayers, and Wadleigh comes up with a jerk just like opening a jackknife.

## FIRE SCENE.—A little boy and his Father.

Boy.—I don't wish to go to school any more this week. I don't think I can stand it.

Father.—Why? Is my little boy sick?

Boy.—No sir—not quite sick—but I have had spells every day in school.

Father.—Bad spells! Why, how does my child feel when they come on?

Boy.—The blood flies into my head, and I feel red in the face, and my knees feels weak.

Father.—Is it so? And does the teacher do nothing to cure them?

Boy.—Oh! he tries but he only makes me worse.

Father.—What remedy does he use?

Boy.—Birch and Mahogany—puts 'em snug just below the waistbands of my trousers.

Father.—Monstrous! does he flog you when you have those bad spells?

Boy.—Yes sir, he does—and he brings on all these bad spells himself.

Father.—Worse and worse! How does he bring them on?

Boy.—[Edging towards the door].—Why sir he puts out—such big long crooked words I—can't spell 'em!

[Exit boy in the twinkling of a bedpost.]

## DEATH OF A CORONER WHILE HOLDING AN INQUEST.

A day or two since, while Coroner Abel Killey of Kennebunk, (Me) was holding an Inquest upon the body of William Tenan, of Kennebunkport, who has committed suicide, and while engaged in empanelling a jury, he suddenly fell from a chair and through a surgeon was called, died shortly afterwards.

Boyhood.—All other beings alike, the boy who excels in games and feats of strength and skill, is most likely to excel in more important ways in manhood. To develop the mind and let the bodily health shift for itself, is the way to get a plentiful blossom, but very little fruit. A late maturity is worth waiting for. If the child be really extraordinary, it ought to make it more easy to wait with confidence for what time only can produce in perfection. The experiment of forcing, cannot safely be followed in education as in horticulture. If bodily health is not enjoyed by the grown man, his acquirements will be exercised at a disadvantage, if they are not rendered perfectly useless.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

THO. J. WARREN, Editor.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 22, 1851.

## The Weather

Has been very pleasant for a few days past in consequence of the copious and refreshing showers, with which we have been visited; the health of our Town is as usual—good.

## Our New Sign.

Is now up, by which it will be seen that, in addition to our publishing a Semi-Weekly Newspaper, we also execute every variety of Job Printing, such as Cards, Show Bills, Blanks, &c. &c., on the most reasonable terms, with neatness and despatch.

## Sons of Temperance.

The Grand Division of the State of South Carolina, will assemble at Winnsboro' on Thursday next, the 24th inst.; the Session to commence at 3 o'clock P. M.

## A Healthy Sentiment in South Carolina.

There are yet men of sense and courage, in South Carolina, who will not submit to the unmanly tyranny of the young disunion hotspurs there, nor permit their free thoughts to be stifled by any amount of gasconade and bravado. A shining instance of this is to be found in a toast, which was offered at a dinner of the malcontents in Charleston, South Carolina, on the late Fourth of July. One of the company having proposed to hang the President and his Cabinet in certain contingencies, a gentleman got up and gave the following sentiment:

"President Fillmore—A patriotic statesman, who would maintain the integrity of the Union by vindicating and supporting the rights of the States."

The above very complimentary, though equally undeserved Toast to President Fillmore, was given by Geo. S. Bryan, Esq., at a dinner in Charleston on the late Anniversary of American Independence, and of course is highly gratifying to our "Northern Brethren," among whom we must include the Editors of the *Baltimore Sun*, from which paper we clip the above; for in the event of a collision between the two sections, we may very safely give Baltimore to the North.

Many of our readers remember Mr. Bryan's New York Speech in 1844, when he so strenuously advocated the claims of Mr. Clay, to the Presidency. The President is a whig, so is Mr. Bryan, hence the idea of his patriotism and statesmanship.

## The Baltimore Sun.

It is amusing to see with what avidity the above named Paper, snatches up the few submission Toasts that were given on the 4th, and how carefully it avoids republishing those of our true friends, the Secessionists—the following is a specimen:

"Gone!—At a recent celebration of the fire-eaters of Bull Swamp, South Carolina, the following toast appeared among the regulars:

"Intelligence—The life of a republic. The one thing needed by the people of the South, who now stand upon a precipice and know it not."

Now, in our humble opinion, the latter clause of the Bull Swamp Toast is somewhat ambiguous, and as the *Sun* seems to be thankful for small favors, we can assure it that the people of the South do know the fact of their standing upon a precipice—we consider a longer continuance in this Union a very fearful precipice, and one from which if we do not secede, and that soon, our Rights and Institutions will be hurled and dashed to pieces upon the rocks and crags of Federal usurpation and Northern fanaticism; the *Sun* has a right to its opinion and so have we; the above is our idea of this fearful precipice spoken of in the Toast at Bull Swamp.

Will the *Sun* stretch its liberality and publish some of the Secession Toasts, "*Audi alteram partem*."

Reported for the Charleston Courier.

## TELEGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE.

BALTIMORE, July 18.

The steam ship *Brother Johnathan*, from Chagres, arrived at New-York on the 18th inst., bringing dates from San Francisco to the 14th June, 238 passengers and 465,000 dollars in gold.

The burnt district has nearly been rebuilt. The markets were overstocked with goods and produce of all kinds, and prices were low. Accounts from the mining and agricultural districts were favorable. The Indians in the Southern part of the state continued troublesome. Several recent incendiary attempt were made to destroy San Francisco.

McManus, one of the Irish patriots had escaped from New South Wales and succeeded in reaching San Francisco, where he was received with much enthusiasm.

Smith O'Brien and the other Irish exiles had also made an attempt to escape at the same time, but were unsuccessful.

Intelligence from Astoria, (Oregon,) to the 13th, state that Gen. Lane had been elected delegate to Congress.

The crops were represented as promising.

## CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Dr. B.—, of Franklin county, Vermont, tells a good story of a case of conscience that occurred in the course of his practice, several years ago. The wife of a Baptist deacon, (whom, for the purpose of the anecdote, we shall call Mr. Cushman,) dislocated her arm by a fall, and the doctor was sent for, and come, with all convenient despatch, and put the matter "to rights." Presently, after the operation was over, the lady was seized with a faint turn, and beckoned to her husband for assistance. The deacon was a man slow of motion, slow of speech, and rather slow in point of intellect. He was a strict "temperance man," and conscientious in this and every thing else to the last degree. Being never quite sure that he was "right," he naturally feared to "go-ahead." In the present emergency he went into the room where the doctor was sitting, and addressed him, in a slow and measured tone, as follows:

"Dr. B., you are doubtless aware of the prin-

ciples which Mrs. Cushman and myself profess in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks in any form whatever. Now, doctor, I wish to put it to your conscience as a Christian physician, whether it would be in any manner culpable, in case Mrs. Cushman were afflicted with faintness, if I should so far deviate from our habitual rule as to hold a bottle of camphor to Mrs. Cushman's nose?"

The doctor rushed into the lady's apartment, and found his patient had not waited the issue of the deacon's casuistry, but had fairly "gone off" in a fainting fit.

"The devil take your conscience!" said the doctor, half inclined to "go off" himself into a fit of laughter. "The devil take your doubts, sir—in a case like this one scruple of camphor is worth twenty scruples of conscience.—*Boston Post.*

THE RATS IN DANGER.—A man in New York has offered the New York common council to rid the City of rats—not only the houses, but all the common sewers—for \$100,000, and afterwards to keep the city entirely free from rats for ten years for \$30,000 per annum. The guarantee he gives for the future is a pretty fair one. Should a contract be completed between this and January, 1852, he offers to give approved securities than he will pay, after January, 1853, ten cents for every rat delivered to him. This will be an incentive to him to scatter his powder around pretty extensively; but he feels certain that all the dogs and rat-traps in the city would not catch ten thousand during the second year of his labors, nor after that even one thousand a year during his contract. A contract of a similar nature has been made with a man in Paris by the authorities of that city. *Portland Argus.*

Caution to Ladies.—A Cincinnati paper states that Dr. Muzzey was one day last week called on to perform a singular operation upon the head of a young lady living on John street. It appeared that she had been in the habit of twisting and tying her hair so tightly that the scalp had become parted from the skull, and it was found necessary to open the scalp to remove the matter which had accumulated beneath. This is the first case of the kind we have ever known.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 Letters.

My 1, 13, 5, 16, is a Town in Sudan,  
2, 11, 10, 7, is a County in North Carolina,  
3, 7, 11, 11, 13, is an Island on the coast of Asia,  
4, 12, 13, 16, is a Town in Guatemala,  
5, 10, 7, 8, 12, 11, is a City in France,  
6, 2, 12, 16, is a River in Russia,  
7, 5, 8, 7, is a Cape in North America,  
8, 11, 10, 8, 1, is a River in Asia,  
9, 16, 5, 8, 3, 2, is a Town in Bolivia,  
10, 2, 5, 5, 8, 11, is a County in Georgia,  
11, 7, 5, 7, 11, is a City in Turkey,  
12, 7, 18, 2, is a River in South America,  
13, 7, 5, 5, 2, 11, is a Town in Brazil,  
14, 8, 7, 13, is a Cape on the coast of Africa,  
15, 7, 7, 3, 7, 7, is an Island in Oceania,  
16, 5, 17, 2, is a Town in Turkey,  
17, 8, 7, 9, 7, is a River in South America,  
18, 10, 2, 12, 7, 11, is a River in England.  
My whole is the name of an Officer who belonged to the Palmetto Regiment.  
Answer is requested. *Poco Tiempo.*  
Camden, July 7th 1851.

## CAMDEN PRICES CURRENT.

Bacon, per cwt.	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Bale Rope	6 to 10	lb 6 to 7
Bacon	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Butter	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Brandy	25 to 30	lb 4 to 6
Beef	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Cheese	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Corn	5 to 6	lb 10 to 13
Flour	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Hops	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Indigo	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Iron	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Lead	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Oil	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Peas	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Potatoes	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Rice	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Sugar	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13
Wheat	12 to 13	lb 10 to 13

Fresh Goshen Butter, and No. 1 Leaf Lard, for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Hhd. "assards" Family Hams and 1 cask Pig Hams, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 case spiced Oysters, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

30 Two-pound Cans fresh Salmon, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

25 Bbls. Baltimore Flour, and 30 Bags Extra Family do., received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

20 Boxes Chemical Olive Soap, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

Pickled Beef Tongues, Pickled Salmon, Smoked Beef and Pickled Herring, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

Imitation English and Pine Apple Cheese received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Case Fresh Currants, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

2 Casks French White Wine Vinegar, a superior article for making Pickles, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

3 Bbls. Kennedy's Butter Crackers, received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

July 22, 1851.

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Waterloo Division No. 9.

The regular meeting of this Division will be held on Thursday evening, at your New Hall over A. M. & R. Kennedy's Store, at 8 o'clock.

By order of the W. P. W. T. JOHNSON R. S.

## HEAD QUARTERS,

BUCKHEAD, 18th JULY, 1851.

ORDER NO. 9.

The Officers and Sergeants of the 7th Brigade of Infantry, and 7th Regiment of Cavalry, will assemble at or near Society Hill, on Monday the 29th of Sept. next, and encamp "full five days" commencing at 12 o'clock, M.

The Officers and Sergeants of the 8th Brigade of Infantry, and 8th Regiment of Cavalry, will assemble at or near Godfrey's Ferry on Monday the 13th of October next, and encamp "full five days" commencing at 12 o'clock, M.

The Major General and Brigadier Generals, with their staff, attend the encampments in their commands.

The Brigadier Generals are charged with the extension of this order to their respective Brigades.

Complet returns of the strength of the Brigades are required by the 1st of Oct. next.

By order of the Commander-in-chief, J. W. CANTEY.

Adj't & Insp. Gen'l.

Charleston Mercury and Courier, Georgetown papers, Marion Star, Darlington Flag, and Cheraw Gazette will publish weekly until the encampments are over.